

Bernadette Watts

Snow White



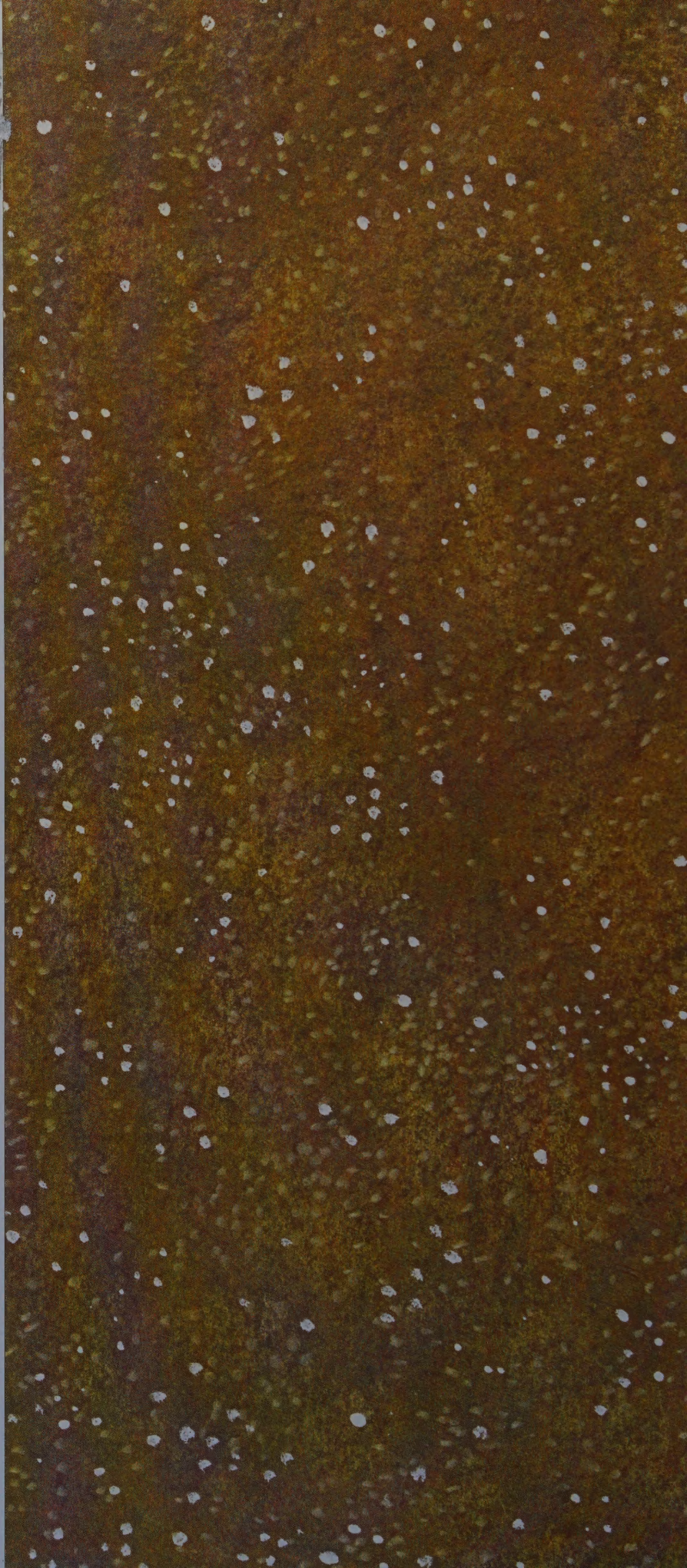
North
South

US \$17.95
CAN \$23.95

Bernadette Watts' beautiful pastel illustrations bring both a softness and a new life to one of the Brothers Grimm's most enduring and beloved fairy tales, "Snow White," about the fairest princess in the land and the wicked queen determined to destroy her. Bernadette's varied palette captures the shifting moods of the story—the warmth and joy as the seven dwarfs and forest animals welcome Snow White and the wintry, heart-breaking scenes after she takes a bite of the poisoned apple.

"[Bernadette's] colors . . . bathe each image in an almost theater-like setting . . . the viewer . . . invited into the magic unfolding in Bernadette's art and stories."

—*Eric Carle*



Illustrations copyright © 1988, 2018 by NordSüd Verlag AG, CH-8005 Zürich, Switzerland.
This edition first published in 2018 by NorthSouth Books Inc., New York 10016.

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced or utilized in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, or any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

First published in the United States, Great Britain, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand in 2018 by NorthSouth Books Inc., an imprint of NordSüd Verlag AG, CH-8005 Zürich, Switzerland.

Distributed in the United States by NorthSouth Books Inc., New York 10016.

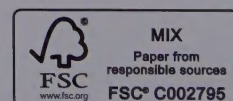
Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data is available.

ISBN: 978-1-5585-8132-6

Printed in Latvia

1 3 5 7 9 • 1 0 8 6 4 2

www.northsouth.com



Brother Grimm • Bernadette Watts

Snow White



North
South



One cold winter day, when snowflakes were drifting from the sky like white feathers, a beautiful young Queen sat sewing beside a window framed in black ebony wood. As she sewed, watching the snow fall, the Queen pricked her finger and three drops of blood fell onto the snow on the windowsill. The bright red marks on the snow looked so pretty the Queen thought, How I would love to have a child with skin as white as snow, lips as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony.

Not long afterward she had a daughter with hair as black as ebony, lips as red as blood, and skin as white as snow. The Queen named her Snow White. Soon after Snow White was born, the Queen died.

After a year had passed, the King married again. The new Queen was beautiful, but she was vain and proud and could not bear to think that anyone might be more beautiful than her. She owned a magic mirror; whenever she stood before it, she asked:

*"Mirror, mirror, on the wall
Who is the fairest of them all?"*

The mirror replied:

"You, oh Queen, are the fairest."

Then the Queen was happy, for she knew that the mirror always told the truth.

As the years went by Snow White grew more and more lovely. By the time she was seven, she was more beautiful than the Queen.





When the Queen asked the mirror:

*"Mirror, mirror, on the wall
Who is the fairest of them all?"*

The mirror answered:

*"You are fair indeed, oh Queen,
but Snow White is fairer still."*

The Queen's face turned purple with rage. From that moment on, whenever she saw Snow White, envy and hatred gripped her heart. Day by day her hatred grew.

Finally, she summoned her huntsman. "You will take the child into the forest," she commanded. "I cannot bear to have her in my sight any longer. Kill her and bring me back her lungs and liver as proof that you have done as I say."

The huntsman led Snow White into the forest. When she saw him draw his hunting knife, she cried and begged, "Dear huntsman, spare my life. I will go far away, deep into the forest, and never come home again."

And because she was so beautiful, the huntsman took pity on her and said, "Run along then, poor child." He thought, The wild animals will probably eat her anyway. But he felt as if a heavy weight had fallen away from his heart because he had not killed her. At that moment a young boar came charging out of the bushes. The huntsman killed it and took its lungs and liver to the Queen.

Now Snow White was all alone in the forest. She was frightened and didn't know what to do.








So she ran—over sharp stones and through thickets of thorns. Wild animals leaped out at her but did her no harm. She ran as fast as her feet would carry her and kept on running until evening fell. At last she saw a little cottage and went inside to rest.

Everything in the cottage was little, dainty, and neat. There was a little table laid with seven little plates; seven little spoons, knives, and forks; and seven little mugs. Against the wall were seven little beds in a row.

Snow White was hungry and thirsty. She took only one bite of food from each plate and sipped a little wine from each mug so no one should be left without food or drink.

And then, because she was so very tired, she lay down in one of the beds—but it wasn't the right size. One bed was too long, another too short. At last the seventh was just right. She lay down, said her prayers, and fell asleep.





When it was dark, the owners of the cottage returned. They were seven dwarfs who had been working in mines in the mountains.





They lit their seven little lamps and noticed at once that someone had visited the cottage.

The first said, "Who's been sitting on my chair?"

The second said, "Who's been eating off my plate?"

The third said, "Who's been nibbling my bread?"

The fourth said, "Who's been eating my food?"

The fifth said, "Who's been using my spoon?"

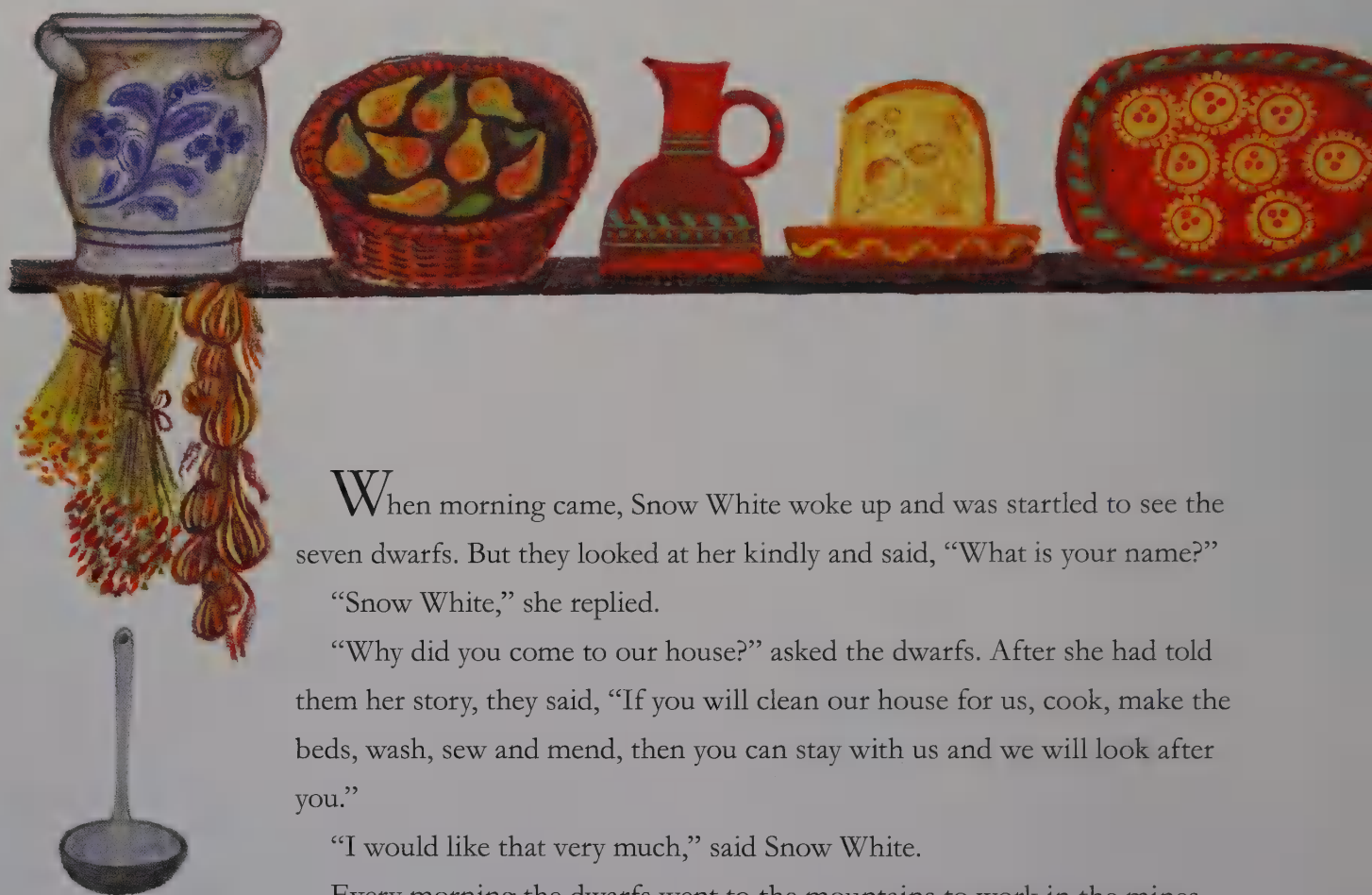
The sixth said, "Who's been cutting with my knife?"

The seventh said, "Who's been drinking from my mug?"

The first dwarf saw that there was a small dent in his bedclothes and said, "Who's been sleeping in my bed?" The others came running and said, "Someone's been sleeping in my bed, too!" Then the seventh dwarf came to his bed and found Snow White lying there fast asleep. He called to the others, and they ran over with their candles to look at her.

"What a beautiful child!" they cried. She looked so lovely that they decided not to wake her. All the other dwarfs offered up their beds so that the seventh dwarf could sleep.





When morning came, Snow White woke up and was startled to see the seven dwarfs. But they looked at her kindly and said, "What is your name?"

"Snow White," she replied.

"Why did you come to our house?" asked the dwarfs. After she had told them her story, they said, "If you will clean our house for us, cook, make the beds, wash, sew and mend, then you can stay with us and we will look after you."

"I would like that very much," said Snow White.

Every morning the dwarfs went to the mountains to work in the mines. Every evening, when they came home, Snow White had their supper ready. During the day she was all alone. The dwarfs were worried. They warned her, "Beware of your Stepmother. She will soon hear that you are with us. Don't let anyone in."







But the Queen, believing that Snow White was dead, was sure that she was the most beautiful woman in the world now. She stood before the mirror and asked:

*"Mirror, mirror, on the wall
Who is the fairest of them all?"*

The mirror replied:

*"Oh Queen, you are the most beautiful here,
but Snow White, over the mountains in the house
of the seven dwarfs, is a thousand times more beautiful."*

The Queen was furious. She knew that the mirror always spoke the truth, and now she realized the huntsman had tricked her. She began to plan ways to kill Snow White; for as long as she knew that she was not the most beautiful woman in the world, her jealousy tormented her.

When at last she had worked out a plan, the Queen painted her face and dressed as an old gypsy woman. She traveled over the mountains to the home of the seven dwarfs, knocked at the door, and called, "Lovely wares, come buy! Come buy!"

Snow White peered out of the window and called, "Good morning, dear lady. What have you to sell?"

"Fine wares, lovely wares," the wicked Queen replied. "Ribbons in all colors."

I can let this honest old woman come in, thought Snow White. She unbolted the door and bought some colorful ribbons.

"Come, my child," said the old woman. "Let me lace your ribbons."

Full of trust, Snow White let her lace up her bodice with the new ribbons. But the old woman pulled the ribbons so tight Snow White could not breathe and fell down in a faint.

"Now who is the fairest?" cried the Queen, hurrying away.





Soon after, the seven dwarfs came home. They were horrified when they saw their beloved Snow White lying on the ground. They lifted her up, saw that her bodice was laced too tightly, and cut the ribbons. She began to breathe again and slowly came back to life.

When the dwarfs heard what had happened, they said, "The old gypsy woman was your wicked Stepmother. Take care and let no one in when we are away."



The Queen returned home and went to the mirror to ask:

*"Mirror, mirror, on the wall
Who is the fairest of them all?"*

The mirror replied as before:

*"Oh Queen, you are the most beautiful here,
but Snow White, over the mountains in the house of the seven dwarfs,
is a thousand times more beautiful."*

All the blood drained from the Queen's heart as she realized that Snow White had lived.

"This time," she said, "I will think of something that will rid me of her forever." Using magic spells, she made a poisoned comb and disguised herself once again as an old woman.

Over the mountains, at the house of the seven dwarfs, the Queen knocked on the door and called, "Lovely wares to sell. Come buy! Come buy!"

Snow White peered out and said, "Please go away. I mustn't let anyone in."

"Just looking won't hurt you," said the old woman, pulling out the poisoned comb and holding it up. Snow White liked the look of it so much that she opened the door and let the old woman in. When they had agreed on a price, the old woman said, "Now I will help you arrange your hair and put the comb in." Poor Snow White trustingly let the old woman do as she wished. But no sooner was the comb in her hair than the poison began to work, and she fell down as if dead.

"Well, my beauty, that is the end of you," the Queen said, and hurried away.





Luckily, it was not long before the seven dwarfs came home. When they saw Snow White lying on the floor, they knew her wicked Stepmother was to blame. They quickly found the poisoned comb. As soon as they had pulled it out, Snow White came back to life. She told them what had happened, and they warned her once again not to open the door to anyone.

In the palace the Queen stood before her mirror and asked:

*"Mirror, mirror, on the wall
Who is the fairest of them all?"*

And the mirror replied as before:

*"Oh Queen, you are the most beautiful here,
but Snow White, over the mountains in the house of the seven dwarfs,
is a thousand times more beautiful."*

The Queen quivered with rage. "Snow White must die!"

She went into her most secret chamber to prepare a poisonous apple. The apple looked lovely, with a rosy patch on one side. Anyone who took a single bite would die.







When the Queen had prepared the apple, she painted her face, disguising herself as a peasant woman, and went over the mountains to the home of the seven dwarfs. She knocked at the door.

Snow White poked her head out of the window and said, "I must not let anyone in. The seven dwarfs have forbidden it."

"That doesn't bother me," said the peasant woman. "I will soon sell my apples. Here, I'll give you one as a present."

"No," said Snow White. "I mustn't accept anything."

"Do you think it's poisoned?" said the old woman. "Look, I will cut the apple in half. You have the red part and I will eat the green."

She had poisoned the apple so cleverly that only the red half was poisonous. Snow White looked lovingly at the beautiful fruit and when she saw the old woman take a bite from it, she could no longer resist. She stretched out her hand and took the poisoned half. No sooner had she taken a bite than she fell down dead.

The Queen looked at her with a hideous expression on her face, cackled and said, "As white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as ebony! This time the dwarfs will not wake you!"



Later, when she asked the mirror:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall, Who is the fairest of them all?"

It replied at last:

"You, oh Queen, are the fairest."

Then her envious heart was at peace.

When the dwarfs came home that evening, they found Snow White lying dead, with no breath in her body. They lifted her up and looked to see if they could find anything poisonous. They undid her ribbons, combed her hair, and washed her with wine and water. But nothing worked. The child was dead.

They laid her on a bier. For three whole days, all seven of them sat around it, weeping and grieving for her. They decided to bury her, but she looked as if she were just asleep, not dead. And she still had beautiful, rosy cheeks.







One day a Prince rode through the forest and came to the dwarfs' cottage to stay the night. He saw Snow White in her coffin on the hillside and fell in love with her. He said to the dwarfs, "Let me take the coffin. I will give you anything you want in return."

But the dwarfs replied, "We would not give it away for all the gold in the world."

The Prince said, "Then let me have it as a gift, for I cannot live without seeing Snow White."

The dwarfs felt sorry for him and agreed to let his servants carry the coffin away on their shoulders. As they walked, the servants stumbled over a bush and jolted the coffin. The jolt shook the poisoned piece of apple from Snow White's mouth. She opened her eyes, lifted the lid of the coffin, sat up and cried, "Where am I?"

The Prince replied joyfully, "You are with me!" He told her what had happened and said, "I love you more than all the world. Come with me to my father's castle and be my bride."

Snow White went with him, and their wedding was celebrated with great pomp and splendor.





Snow White's wicked Stepmother was invited to the wedding. When she had put on her finest wedding clothes, she stood before the mirror and asked:

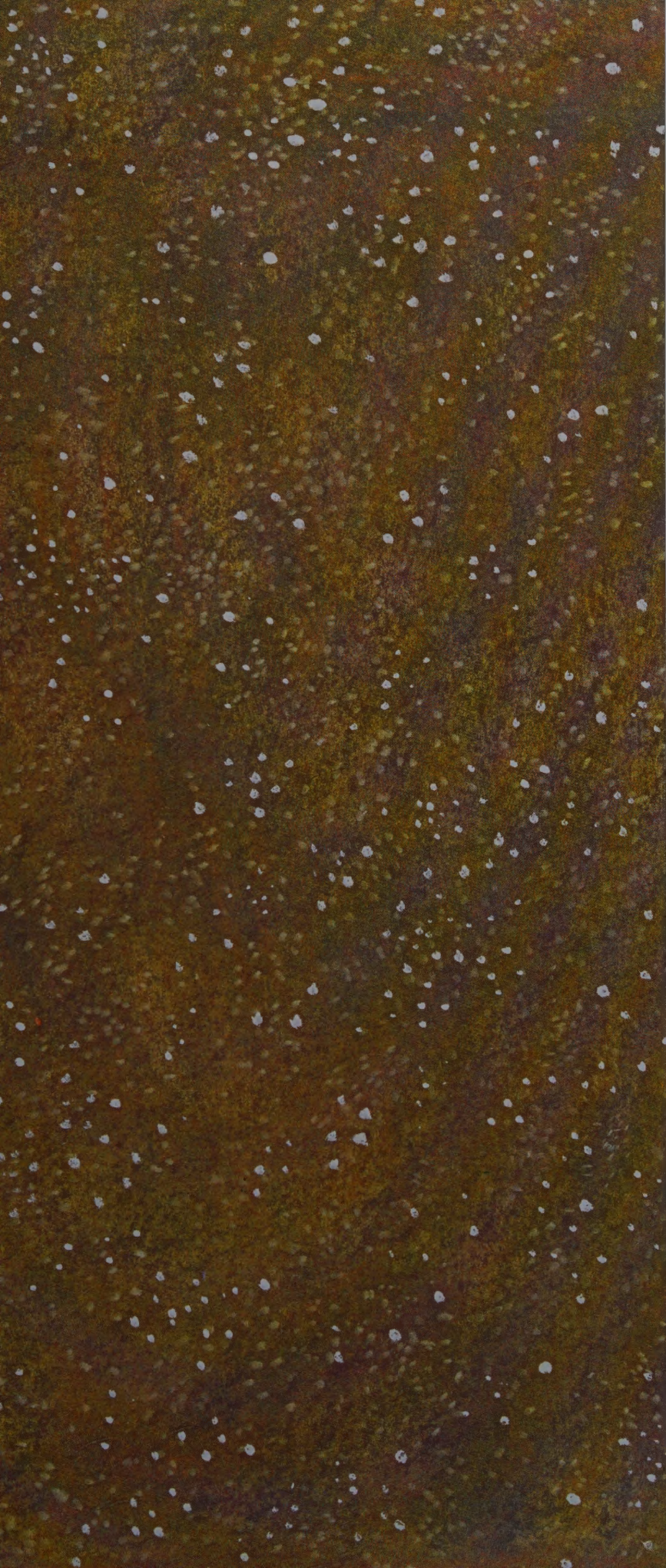
*"Mirror, mirror, on the wall
Who is the fairest of them all?"*

And the mirror replied:

*"Oh Queen, you are indeed beautiful,
but the Princess is a thousand times more so."*

Then the wicked Queen felt so wretched that she wished only to die. At first she did not want to go to the wedding, but jealousy and curiosity would give her no peace until she had seen the Princess. When she recognized Snow White, her heart stood still with rage and she fell down dead.

Snow White and the Prince lived many happy years together. They often rode in the forest and visited the seven dwarfs who had loved and cared for Snow White.



Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm were born in 1785 and 1786 near Frankfurt, Germany. In their early twenties, they began the linguistic studies that would culminate in their collected editions of folk- and fairy tales. They got their stories from peasants and villagers, and sometimes from already-published works from other cultures. Jacob did much of the research; Wilhelm put the stories into literary form.

Bernadette Watts, known throughout Europe simply as Bernadette, has illustrated many dozens of folk- and fairy tales. Born in England, she loved to draw from childhood. She studied at the Maidstone Art School in Kent, UK for a time under the tutelage of Brian Wildsmith. Bernadette's many beautiful books include *The Snow Queen* and *The Bremen Town Musicians*. Bernadette finds her inspiration in nature. Today she lives and works in Kent. She has been illustrating for NorthSouth Books and NordSüd Verlag since the beginning of her career 50 years ago.

North
South

Printed in Latvia

1 3 5 7 9 • 10 8 6 4 2



Praise for Bernadette Watts

Little Red Riding Hood, "My what big talent she has!"

—*Kirkus Reviews*

The Three Little Pigs, "A marvelous offering that begs to be added to everyone's storytelling repertoire."

—*School Library Journal*



North
South

ISBN 978-1-55858-132-6



US \$17.95 • CAN \$23.95

06-CTC-990